

H - Haw

DRAWER 28

POSTS

71.2009.005 05474

Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning H-Hd

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

My Dear Aunt Jane — I was looking over my new calendar yesterday and noticed the name of Abraham Lincoln under the 12th of February. Every time his birthday comes around I think of the story in which he borrowed a book on the life of Washington from a neighbor. One night it got wet from the falling snow. How hard he worked to pay for the book. The following is a little song to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldier," written by Elizabeth M. Hadley.

Lincoln Birthday Song
 All to honor Lincoln,
 We are here today;
 With our starry banners,
 Keeping his birthday.
 His, a name immortal,
 Never shall grow dim,
 And through future ages
 All shall honor him.

Chorus:

Singing, singing, ever,
 On our joyous way,
 With our starry banners,
 Keeping his birthday.

Hadley, Lizzie H.
& Denton, Clara J.

TWO FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS.

"We are marching from
the east,"

Two February Birthdays.

(By Lizzie M. Hadley and Clara J. Denton.)

Marching Song. (Tune: "Rally 'Round the Flag.")

We are marching from the east,
We are marching from the west,
Singing the praises of a nation,
That all the world may hear
Of the men we hold dear,
Singing the praises of a nation.

Chorus:

For Washington and Lincoln,
Hurrah, all hurrah,
Sing as we gather
Here from afar,
Yes, for Washington and Lincoln,
Let us ever sing,
Sing all the praises of a nation.

Yes we love to sing this song,
As we proudly march along,
Singing the praises of the heroes,
Through this great and happy land,
We would sound their names so grand,
Singing the praises of our heroes.

Chorus.

*You will find this song
in the book "The
March Song"*

LINCOLN.

(Read at the Lincoln Centenary Celebration of the
Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United
States, Commandery of Pennsylvania, at the
Academy of Music in Philadelphia, February 12,
1909.)

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN.

Let silence sink upon the hills and vales!
Over the towns where smoke and clangor tell
Their glad and sorrowfully noble tales
Of women bent with care, of men who labor
well.

Let silence sink and peace and rest from toil.

Oh, vast machines, be still! Oh, hurrying me,
Eddying like chaff upon the frothy mill

Of seething waters, rest! In tower and den,
High in the heavens, deep in the cavernous ground,
There where men's hearts like pulsing engines
bound.

Let silence lull with loving hands the sound.

Silence—ah, through the silence, clear and strong,
Surging like wind-driven breakers, sweeps a song!

Out of the North, loud from storm-beaten
strings,

Out of the East, with strife-horn ardor loud,

Out of the West, youthful and glad and proud,
The cry of honor, honor, honor! rings.

And clear with trembling mouth

Sipping in dreams the bitter cup, the South
Magnanimous, unfeigned tribute brings.

Oh, prosperous millions, hush your grateful cries!

The sanctity of things not of this earth

Broods on this place—

Wide things and essences that have their birth

In the unvalled, unmeasured homes of space;

Spirits of men that went and left no trace—

Only their labor to attest their worth

In the world's tear-dim, unforgetting eyes;

Spirits of heroes! Hark!

Through the shadow-mists, the dark
Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of marchers, living,
who were cold and stark!

Hear the hugh, hear the huff!

How they scorn the grave!

Oh, on earth is love and life

For the noble, for the brave.

And it's tread, tread, tread!

From the camp-fires of the dead.

Oh, they're marching, they are marching with their
Captain at their head!

Greet them who have gone before!

Spread with rose and bay the floor—

They have come, oh, they have come, back once
more!

Give for the soldier the cheer,
For the messmate the welcoming call,
But for him, the noblest of all,
Silence and reverence here.

Oh, patient eyes, oh, bleeding, mangled heart!

Oh, hero, whose wide soul, defying chaos,

Swept at each army's head,

Swept to the charge and bled,

Gathering in one too sorrow-laden heart

All woes, all pains;

The anguish of the trusted hope that wanes,

The soldier's wound, the lonely mourner's smart.

He knew the noisy horror of the fight,

From dawn to dusk and through the hideous night

He heard the hiss of bullets, the shrill scream

Of the wide-arching shell,

Scattering at Gettysburg or by Potomac's stream,

Like summer flowers, the pattering rain of death;

With every breath,

He tasted battle and in every dream,

Trailing like mists from gaping walls of hell

He heard the thud of heroes as they fell.

Oh, man of many sorrows, 'twas your blood

That flowed at Chickamauga, at Bull Run,

Vicksburg, Antietam, and the gory wood

And Wilderness of ravenous Deaths that stood

Around Richmond like a ghostly garrison:

Your blood for those who wou,

For those who lost, your tears!

For you the strife, the fears,

For us, the sun!

For you the lashing winds and the heating rain
in your eyes,

For us the ascending stars and the wide, un-
bounded skies.

Oh, man of storms! Patient and

Oh, wise physician of a wasted land!

A nation felt upon its heart your hand,

And lo, your hand hath made the shattered, whole.

With iron clasp your hand hath held the wheel

Of the lurching ship, on tempest waves, no keel

Hath ever sailed.

A grim smile held your lips while strong men
quailed.

You strove alone with chaos and prevailed;

You felt the grinding shock and did not reel,

And, ah, your hand that cut the battle's path

Wide with the devastating plague of wrath,

Your bleeding hand, gentle with pity yet,

Did not forget

To bless, to succor, and to heal.

Great brother to the lofty and the low,

Our tears, our tears give tribute! A dark
throng

With fetters of hereditary wrong

Chained, serf-like, in the choking dust of woe,

Lifts up its arms to you, lifts up its cries!

Oh, you, who knew all anguish, in whose eyes

Pity, with tear-stained face,

Kept her long vigil o'er the severed lands

For friend and foe, for race and race;

You, to whom all were brothers, by the strands

Of spirit, of divinity,

Bound not to color, church, or sod,

Only to man, only to God;

You, to whom all beneath the sun

Moved to one hope, one destiny—

Lover of liberty, oh, make us free!

Lover of union, Master, make us one!

Master of men and of your own great heart,

We stand to reverence, we cannot praise.

About our upward-straining orbs, the haze

Of earthly things, the strife, the mart,

Rises and dims the far-flung gaze.

We cannot praise!

We are too much of earth, our teeming minds

Made master of the heaten seas and of the con-
quered winds,

Master of mists and of the subservient air,

Too sure, too earthly wise,

Have mocked the soul within that asks a nobler
prize,

And hushed her prayer.

We know the earth, we know the starry skies,

And many gods and strange philosophies;

But you, because you opened like a gate

Your soul to God, and knew not pride nor
hate,

Only, the Voice of Voices whispering low—

You, oh my Master, you we cannot know.

Oh, splendid crystal, in whose depths the light

Of God refracted healed the hearts of men,

Teach us your power!

For all your labor is a withered flower

Thirsting for sunbeams in a murky den,

Unless a voice shatters as once the night,

Crying, Emancipation! yet again.

For we are slaves to petty, temporal things,

Whipped with the cords of prejudice, and bound

Each to his race, his creeds, his kings,

Each to his plot of sterile ground,

His narrow-margined daily round.

Man is at war with man and race with race.

We gaze into the brother's face

And never see the crouching, hungry pain.

Only the clanking of the slavish chain

We hear, that holds us to our place.

Oh, to be free, oh, to be one!

Shoulder to shoulder to strive and to dare!

What matter the race if the labor be done,

What matter the color if God be there?

Forward together, onward to the goal!

Oh, mighty Chief, who in your own great soul,

Hung with the fetters of a lowly birth,

The kinship of the visionless, the obstinate
touch of earth,

Broke from the tethering slavery, and stood

Unbound, translucent, glorious before God!—

Be with us, Master! These unseeing eyes

Waken to light, our erring, groping hands

Unfetter for a world's great needs!

Till like Creation's dawning, golden through the
lands

Leaping, and up th' unlit, unconquered skies

Surging with myriad steeds,

There shall arise

Out of the maze of clashing destinies,

Out of the servitude of race and blood,

One flag, one law, one hope, one brotherhood.

My Every Post 2-13-09

FACE OF LINCOLN

Tall mountain grandaurs brood about his
face,

Lighting the roughhewn generosity
And strength of noble sculpture; rugged
grace,

The eloquence of his spirit's symmetry.
His high and thought-carved brow shades
kindly eyes

That found men's good. The mouth is
sensitive

With tenderness and hidden smiles, and
wise

With truth that shaped his gracious
words to live.

Each feature speaks some greatness of
his soul,

Modeled heroically by a Master Hand,
And merged to beauty in harmonious whole;
Yet tinged by a sadness He can
understand

Who, centuries ago, wept for a city
He could have saved in His great love
and pity.

Esther Lloyd Hagg

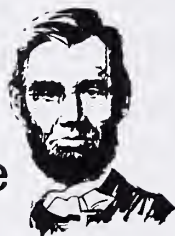
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change subject

Review: February 1973.

The Perfect Tribute



by Marilyn Davis Hahn
Birmingham (Eiland) Agency Office

*Lincoln went to Gettysburg
One cold November day;
To consecrate the battle-field
Where fought the Blue and Grey.*

*The people had all gathered
From near and far away;
To hear some word of hope or praise
To help them on their way.*

*His speech was brief and honest
To all who stood around;
But when he finished talking
There was not one single sound.*

*From all those many people
No applause at all was heard;
No sign of appreciation
For the selection of his word.*

*Said one, "It would be sacrilege
To applaud for such a speech;
Instead we bowed our heads down
As if a sermon he did preach."*

*"Four score and seven years ago"
Was ringing in each heart;
Each thinking that their loved ones
Had played a glorious part.*

*This speech was Heaven sent to all
Who gathered there that day;
Whose father-brother-husband-son
The price of war did pay.*

*Old Abe reminded them that
The dead died not in vain;
That our nation would be better
When it was one again.*

*Oh, God, we thank you
For this glorious land we love;
And for this spendid leader
Whose faith came from above.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Eugene J. Hall

O honored name, revered and undecaying,
Engraven on each heart, O soul sublime!
That, like a planet through the heavens straying,
Outlives the wreck of time!

O rough soul, your noble self-possession
Is unforgotten. Still your work remains.
You freed from bondage and from vile oppression
A race of clanking chains.

O furrowed face, beloved by all the nation!
O tall gaunt form, to memory fondly dear!
O firm, bold hand, our strength and our salvation!
O heart that knew no fear!

work by me 3/11/33

Lincoln, your manhood shall survive forever,
Shedding a fadeless halo round your name;
Urging men on with wise and strong endeavor;
To bright and honest fame!

Through years of care, to rest and joy a stranger,
You saw complete the work you had begun,
Thoughtless of threats, nor heeding death or danger,
You toiled till all was done.

You freed the bondman from his iron master,
You broke the strong and cruel chains he wore,
You saved the Ship of State from foul disaster
An brought her safe to shore.

You fell! An anxious nation's hopes seemed blighted,
While millions shuddered at your dreadful fall;
But God is good! His wondrous hand has righted
And reunited all.

You fell, but in your death you were victorious;
To moulder in the tomb your form has gone,
While through the world your great soul grows more glorious
As years go gliding on!

All hail, Great Chieftain! Long will sweetly cluster
A thousand memories round your sacred name,
Nor time, nor death should dim the spotless luster
That shines upon your fame.

In the early eighties Eugene J. Hall the poet, lecturer and historical photographer while enroute to make a speaking engagement was snow bound near the office of the writer and spent a few hours inspecting Lincoln material. The friendship formed that blustering night has never subsided. And fifty years afterward he sent the manuscript of the above Lincoln poem.

Reading a Columnist's Mail

Letters to this column must be accompanied by writers' correct names and addresses desired. Opinions expressed in this column do not necessarily agree with opinions or editor of this column. The Journal-Times, however, reserves the right to reject letters of indecency or to delete portions of any letter for the same reason. Letters should be

Reviewing the Lives Of "February's Great"

Dear Tex: Mr. Bert Browne made a fine, scholarly address at the Lincoln monument re-dedication last week. Remarkable attention was given by the Lincoln School youngsters as they stood there in the cold and scarcely wiggled. At best, it was a long, cold time to stand (so the adults agreed) and the very courteous attention of the school folks brought forth much appreciative comment which should be made known. The adults present found it worth the pause to again stand at the feet of this man and have his life and achievements reviewed — in an adult way.

Now another patriotic occasion comes forth and, in all sincerity and humbleness, just what could one say to youngsters on such occasions this month — what could one say that would be meaningful to them; what could one say which hadn't already been said better and repeatedly by the myriad methods of our schools today?

I tried looking at it with no attempt to educate or to be scholarly—and it posed a problem to avoid the trite.

FEBRUARY'S GREAT

Approach I:

A man who walked a mile—
(they know that story well!)

A Boy who, though poor—
(at that, they'll surely smile!)

He was tall and gaunt and kind—
(how oft they've heard of this)

He worked, he loved, he fought—
(we must do better than this)

A burdened soul,
A thinker keen,
A leader who walked alone—
(of this they know,
and add much more with enthusiasm's glow—)

He freed the slaves—
He cared for all men—
He fought with grief at his side—
(Oh, sure, they say,
—and so, today, we'll wave our country's flag!)

Approach II:

The other was "first",
Whose day comes next—
A wig he wore—and lace beside—
(Ah, he had much, we say, with pride)

He had a home on a rolling hill—
His wife was the nation's bride—
(Oh, yes, he led his men in war,
and then, peacefully, he died).

This man was first in all that counts
In setting a nation's stride—
(and, quickly, they tell of bare-foot men
with a general by their side).

But why, they say, do these birth-days
Do a thing to us, today?

"So what?" you say—"We have a holiday—
We're sure glad they came our way!"

Approach III. So What?

No, it won't be the tales we tell,
For you know them all so well—
You know of their lives, you're very wise—

So, let's take those facts and birth-days two,
These men who lived so far apart,
These two who gave so much for the dreams they knew—

Their land, now yours today,
Lacked much in comfort's way;
The things you know,
The very way you play;
The trains—the air—the cars—
Your schools—your clubs and camps—

Our food—in cans and jars—
Our clothes—those gadgets from Mars—

Yet live no finer men today
Than those two from so long ago—
(We know it's hard, so fast you grow,
to weigh their times from what you know)
But here's one way we hope you'll check
Whene'er you find this month will pass—
For here is proof is our land so vast
That man is what we count, at last!

Not how much he owned,
Not how long he lived,
Nor what faith his parents intoned—

But how he measures on his own.
For here, this month in every year,
Of these two men we always hear—

The one—the first to free this land from fear,
The other counted each soul a seer!

—EVA HALL.

* * *

Wansville Couriers 4-11-20

LINCOLN.

His towering figure, sharp and spare,
Was with such nervous tension strung
As if on each strained sinew swung
The burden of a people's care.

His changing face what pen can draw?
Pathetic, kindly, droll, or stern;
And with a glance so quick to learn
The inmost truth of all he saw.

—Charles G. Halpine.

Special Day Source 1808-1809

Hints, February, 1909.

Lincoln

Lincoln, thou a nation's glory,
Thou a mighty country's pride,
Fit for greatest poet's story,
Hero, who will aye abide!

Bow the head, but raise the banner,
Crossed with truth and liberty,
This the teaching, this the manner
For a people who are free!

Moulded in your grand creation
Is our honor and belief,
Every heart feels love, affection
On the birthday of our chief!

Born in humble circumstances
Just a hundred years ago,
How you bravely grasped your chances,
How you struggled, we all know!

As we read through history's pages,
To our children listening,
One great name through all the ages,
Lincoln—in our ears will ring!

La Touche Hancock

Abe Lincoln

(To Brothers in, and beneath the skin)



Aflame within the realm of deathless good,
Bravely he struggled, loved, and understood;
Each act planned in the light of Brotherhood.

Lo, here is one who truly is our "Brother",
In all except, perhaps, the skin we bear;
Nor holds one color parted from another,
Calling all, God's armor bright, to wear.
On holy heights of Truth, he stands appointed,
Love-lighted beacon, flaming, guiding there,
Now let us kneel, in Brotherhood anointed.

—R. Hand

The San Diego Union 2/12/37

The Northeast Corner

ABE LINCOLN

A flame within the realm of deathless good,
Bravely he struggled, loved and understood;
Each act planned in the light of brotherhood.

Lo, here is one who truly is our "brother,"
In all except perhaps the skin we bear;
Nor holds one color parted from another,
Calling all, God's armor bright to wear.
On holy heights of truth he stands appointed,
Love-lighted beacon, flaming, guiding there;
Now let us kneel, in brotherhood anointed.

—R. Hand.

* * *

We regret that we are unable, because of space limitations, to print all the fine verse contributed for Lincoln's birthday. As Americans we should feel satisfaction that our greatest Man of the People has achieved a deathless fame that is not only national but international as well and that countries throughout the world recognize him as a model after which to pattern their Men of the People. No other land has as yet produced his equal. All of them hope some time to do so.

* * *

AFTERMATH IN DIALOGUE

To Johnny Reb-

Secede you will; secede you shall not!
Heated threats you utter, fiery hot.
Pray list to reason and not of war.
Nothing's solved by cannon's roar.
Too late? Go, then, with your stars and bars
As vassal to the blood-god, Mars.
Thus committed, you must see it through
To Appomattox and your Waterloo.

From Johnny Reb-

This is my unsought place of rest-
Forever death's unwilling guest.
I was young, just turned twenty,
When I left home- peace and plenty,
To fight and march, march and fight
For a noble cause I believed right.
Grieve not nor o'er me weep;
Promise only my ideals to keep.

To Billy Yank-

Spurred on perhaps by fervid zeal,
With ne'er a thought of war as real,
South you came with eager band
To scourge and conquer our fair land.
Ground you wanted and ground you got,
Though it is such a tiny plot-
Three feet by six feet by three feet deep.
So treasure this in eternal sleep!

From Billy Yank-

In earth, the heritage of the meek,
A shallow grave I did not seek.
I, too, was young- only seventeen,
When death struck swiftly, my foe unseen.
With holy purpose I had decided
To fight for a nation undivided.
Hold your tears and mourn not for me;
What fate decrees that must be.

Epilogue

So here we lie,
Johnny Reb and I;
But, our country- it did not die!

- Arthur C. Hansen, M. D.

Gettysburg

July, 1863.
Gettysburg.
A quiet town, a peaceful town.

Suddenly,
As lightning strikes
In thunderous wrath,
Like the crash of the turbulent sea
Against the shore,
Over and around it
Roll the waves of battle.
Gone the quiet and the peace!

Loudly the vengeful cannon roar
And muskets spit in anger.
The awesome crescendo of war
Shrieks and whirls
In deadly fury
About the Blue - Gray warriors,
Locked in mortal combat.

Time pauses
And a nation waits
For history to make decision.

Then,
With violence spent,
The storm recedes.
Comes the calm stillness!
Only the human wreckage remains,
The wounded and the dead.
Soon the wounded lead.
The dead sleep on!

November, 1863.
Gettysburg.
A tall, saddened man
Stands upon the battlefield
To make a few appropriate remarks:
"We here highly resolve
That these dead
Shall not have died in vain!"
Then he departs.

November, 1953.
Gettysburg.
A quiet town, a peaceful town.

- Arthur C. Hansen, M.D.

On the 90th Anniversary
Of The Gettysburg Address.
November 19, 1953.

LINCOLN.

Humble Tribute Offered in Love and
Reverence to the Noblest of Men.

Lincoln, our chief of men, on thy great
heart

Were laid the burdens of a mighty state
In throes of fratricidal war. Thy fate

It was to bear abuse and scorn; thy part
To foil the wily politician's art;

To meet, with face serene and soul elate,
The utmost bounds of vile assassin's
hate,

Nor from thy steadfast purpose to
depart.

Thou need'st no laurel wreath to crown
thy brow!

We see thy furrowed face, thy sad, calm
eye;

We feel thy gentle heart throb—and e'en
now

We hear the clank of falling chain—the
cry

Of a glad race, erect, at last, and free!
Exalted spirit! love thy meed shall be.

F. F. HARDING.

February 12, 1909.

Harper, Rev. James P.

"Honored be the name of Lincoln,"



1809

February 12

1911

Honored be the name of Lincoln,
To us be it ever dear,
The son of the woods and prairie
The man of all the peer.

Let's "Rally round the flag boys"
And keep it strong and fast;
The flag he loved and saved us,
Nailed solid to the mast.

Let's remember long his virtues,
His kindness and our debt
And honor well his natal day
In love "Lest we forget."

Congregational Church, Rev. James P. Harper

Compliments of
Albert P. Gage Camp, No. 43, Sons of Veterans, Wilton, New Hampshire

THE SAWYER PRINTERY, GREENVILLE, N. H.

LINCOLN

By William R. Harr

Behold one cast in nature's rudest
mould;

Angular, loose-limbed, cavernous of
face.

Yet through that mask, and set-
ting it aglow

With warmth and sweetness, and
a noble grace,

Shines the great soul that steered
our Ship of State,

Midst rocks and tempests, safely
into port.

Of common birth,—if birth can
e'er be common;

Reared 'mong the rough and rug-
ged things of life;

Yet bearing forth a nature full of
grace!

So life its wondrous marvels still
performs:

As from the dark drear soil the
lilies grow,

Or from the threat'ning clouds the
rainbow breaks.

Can any good come out of Naza-
reth!

Doth the rude stall the Prince of
Peace enshrine!

Thus men deceive themselves, and
blindly seek

The royal soul in palace halls
alone;

Forgetting man's are not the ways
of God.

* * * * *

Thus came the Christ—nor would
men first believe.

So Lincoln rose America's noblest
son.

Songs o' the Olympics

By

ALICE HARRIMAN

AUTHOR OF

*Songs o' the Sound, Chaperoning Adrienne
Through the Yellowstone, etc.*

Illustrated by

B. C. BUBB

1909

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Lincoln

1809

February 12

1909

A WOMAN thought to write an ode
On Lincoln; for her heart o'erflowed
At thought of all he'd been to men
Or black or white, or now or then.
But as she wrote, her watching boys
Asked: "Did his birthday bring him toys?"

Of bitter poverty she told,
Of puncheon floors and biting cold.
Then softly bade them go and play
While she her message wrote for aye.
But ere she wrote another line:
"Say, mother: Did he never whine?"

Once more she laid her pen aside,
And simply told how hard he tried
To make himself a man of worth,
Nor hindered be by lowly birth.
She spoke of gibes, nor once foresaw:
"I'd like to hit 'em on their jaw!"

With smiling lips but tearful glance,
She told of every circumstance
To show his heart, bred from the soil,
Bled for the nation, in turmoil.
How, though he played with little Tad,
His eyes were somber, lips were sad. (over)

Lincoln*—Continued*

Much more she told, then sent them out
To run and play with joyous shout,
The while she quelled her heart's desire,
And mended stockings by the fire.
The household tasks must fill her days
And be her meed, not poet's bays!

But, as she worked, an instant's pause,
Made her care not for men's applause.
For, underneath the window-sill,
Her lads were talking Lincoln still.
"No greater man," said one, "than he!"
"Say, brother: Let's be like him—gee!"

Alice Hartman

*Born Newport, Maine 1861
Died Los Angeles Calif. 1925*

Harris, Elizabeth Howe

Lincoln

"As long as men make liberty their
goal"

Lincoln

AS LONG as men make liberty
their goal,
As long as men have hearts with
justice fed,
He lives; the great Emancipator
lives!
Time shall but place new crowns
upon his head!
ELIZABETH HOWE HARRIS.

2/11/12

The O'Connor Lincoln

On the Capitol Grounds at Springfield, Illinois

By JAMES HART.

(Reprinted from *the Bloomington Bulletin*.)

Lincoln himself is truly present here,
Brought back in bronze, in full reality,
The man his neighbors often used to see,
When on these very streets he would appear
Walking along so thoughtful, year by year,
Pausing to chat at corners jovially
With townsfolk; and what rare simplicity,
And yet in all the land he had no peer.

His head is bent, in grave and saddened mien,
'Twas thus he looked the day he went away,
And spoke those words of farewell from his heart;
Leaving his home, and each familiar scene,
He prayed to God, who could both go and stay—
Now he returns in living, lasting Art.

Lincoln in Bloomington

Thoughts Occasioned by Marker at McLean County Courthouse.

BY JAMES HART

It faces Main street's busy thoroughfare,
At entrance of courthouse, conspicuous
there;
One reads upon this polished slab of grey
That "Abraham Lincoln traveled this
way."

His features reproduced on the bronze
plaque,
Smooth faced and rugged, nothing seem
to lack;
Thus he appeared, ere he achieved his fame,
When hither on the circuit rounds he came.

This county building imposing to view,
Stands on the site of one that Lincoln
knew;
On its broad pavements, through arched
portico,
The people on their errands come and go.

On that coping enclosing lawns of green,
The railbirds sit observing passing scene;
Their predecessors perched on a board fence
They whittled, spat, and exchanged their
comments.

Against the shaft I leaned to muse awhile,
And sought from the dim Fifties to beguile
The Bloomington of those quaint far-off
days,
And this picture envisioned to my gaze:

* * * * *
Now all was changed from what it was
before,
The stately Hall of Justice was no more;
The towering structures on the Square
were gone,
And what contrast the place I looked upon!

From Blooming Grove's first prairie settle-
ment,
The town lay sprawled over a wide extent;
Primeval timber still was dense around;
The ox team and log cabin off' were found.

As now the Square was brisk center of
trade,
Along each block the plank sidewalks were
laid;
The unpretentious brick stores clustered
near,
Fronting on roads deep mired thro' most
of year.

The Ashley House and its rival the Pike,
For transients were convenient alike;
A fashionable reception or grand hall,
Drew social elite up to Phoenix Hall.

Gridley was handling loans and real estate;
And Brokaw's plows would make him a
magnate;
Far different plans had Jesse Fell in-
spired,
'Till the suburb its Normai school ac-
quired.

Hacks dashed, with drivers swearing on
the seat,
For Alton depot down at Chestnut street;
At Durely's Opera House tragedians
stormed,
And Christy's Minstrels in blackface per-
formed.

Since folks those days to litigate were
prone,
The law profession more than held its own;
Both bench and bar a lofty standard set.
With legal lights like Davis, Orme and
Swett.

From nearby office stairways one could see
The barristers walk forth quite leisurely;
In long-tailed coats, black cravats neatly
tied,
Pockets bulging with papers at each side.

Sometimes attracting notice in the group,
Was one exceeding tall, with a slight stoop;
Of awkward movements and no longer
young,
Upon his frame the garments loosely hung.

As "Mister Lincoln" he was most ad-
dressed,—
Familiar called him "Abe" who knew
him best;
To him the others a marked deference
showed,
And their progress to court was often
slowed.

For men stepped up eager to grasp his
hand,
Chatting with them a moment he would
stand;
His jokes oft' left a trail of laughter loud,
As he pushed on inside through milling
crowd.

The Springfield lawyer was by clients
sought,
With him a case was good as won, they
thought;
His sway o'er juries verdicts somehow
gained,
Tho' paltry fees he charged his brethren
pained.

At counsel table serious and alert,
Judicial gravity at times he hurt,
And rules of staid decorum were ignored,
As with a yarn a weighty point he scored.

Once with routine procedure droning near,
Fell bent over and whispered in his ear;
Then taking pen and paper, Lincoln wrote
The life history he deemed of little note.

When the day's session was adjourned at
last,
What jolly evenings at hotel were passed,
In story-telling 'round the lobby fire,
And few for needed slumber would retire.

With arms dangling beside the tilted chair,
His hat pulled forward on his rumpled
hair,
Lincoln discussed the issues of the hour,
As he deplored the spread of slavery's
power.

One day at the courthouse from a large
throne,
Rose frequent bursts of cheering loud and
long,
Where Stephen A. Douglas spoke from a

stand,
The "Little Giant" famed throughout the
land.

Upon the fringe to rearward Lincoln stood,
Foes challenged him to answer if he could;
Supporters urged him, but he shook his
head
"This is Judge Douglas's meeting," he
said.

The senator was at his prestige peak,
Was it worth while for preference to seek
Against one seemingly to fortune born?
Lincoln reflected, standing back forlorn.

'Tis Fifty-Six, in Major's Front street hall,
Leaders have gathered in response to call;
Oglesby, Trumbull, Palmer listeners stirred,
"Lincoln! Lincoln!" insistent shout was
heard.

His eloquence rose to such heights that
day,
Reporters spellbound threw pencils away;
His auditors jammed to the window sill,
Hung on his burning words, breathlessly
still.

So Lincoln here uttered a great "lost
speech,"
And yet how far its influence would reach;
The easy-going man whom folks had
known,
Henceforward walked with Destiny alone.

Davis and those who had in him believed,
Long since a daring project had conceived;
With all the traits they knew him to pos-
sess
The presidency was their goal, no less.

One May morn in Sixty, 'mid music's
strain
Hundreds here boarded a Chicago train;
In Wigwam thunderously their choice pro-
claimed,
'Till Lincoln on the fifth ballot was named.

Five years went by; in pall of grief pro-
found,
A vast concourse assembled on this ground;
Where many had often beheld him plain,
To mourn their President and neighbor
slain.

* * * * *
Again things are in their accustomed place,
The noisy traffic moves at lively pace;
Street cars, autos, pedestrians on the walk,
Some loitering at the water fount to talk.

Few passing back and forth this marker
heed,
Or tarry its inscription plate to read,
That Lincoln practiced here as attorney,
And wrote his brief Autobiography.

It was fitting indeed that local pride
Through patriotic groups personified,
Perpetuated by memorials here,
Our share in an illustrious career.

(Editor's Note: The following poems, dealing with Abraham Lincoln in Springfield, are from the pen of James Hart of the staff of the Bloomington Daily Pantagraph. Each poem touches a place or period of Lincoln's life in Springfield, and have been written in observance of the 130th birthday anniversary of Lincoln.) From Illinois State Journal, 2/13/39

LINCOLN'S ARRIVAL

On Salemhill the oaks were turning green,
As leisurely away Abe Lincoln rode,
The single street of log houses between,
From these people to whom so much he owed.
At foot of bluff for a last look he reined,
Waved back to knot of villagers forlorn;
Two saddle bags his worldly goods contained;
Birds chirped him a farewell that April morn.
On Springfield pike he jogged, absorbed in thought,
On eighter side his long legs dangling down;
Till glimpse of the new capital he caught,
And thus another lawyer came to town.
But few noticed the horse or man it bore,
Who wearily dismounted at Speed's store.

HOUSE ON EIGHTH STREET

A house on Eighth street, hardly different
From those around, is for the world a shrine;
A man who lived there became President
The only home he owned ere Fate's design
Set him apart. Back from the day at court,
In low rocker he'd rest his slippered feet;
Or on the floor romp with his boys in sport;
Or read the daily paper's newsy sheet.
In the dim parlor just across the hall,
Where prim Mary her social conquests made,
He stood up to receive his party's call,
And from doorway reviewed torchlight parade.
These old sofas, what nois, mirrors and chairs,
Each in its place, reminder of him bears!

LINCOLN-HERNDON OFFICE

In brick building once fronting on the square,
A plaque informs the passerby in street,
Lincoln's law office was located there;
In dark moods, too, his favorite retreat;
Upstairs at rear, furnishings plain and few;
Herndon at desk, legal volumes in reach;
While at the table thumbing papers through,
The senior partner toiled over a speech.
Here Lincoln thought things out in his own way;
The client poured his tale in semi-gloom;
Colleagues and callers threshed news of the day;
And to the end he loved that dingy room.
Before he left, he asked in wistful vein,
His name upon the sign might still remain.

SANGAMON COURT HOUSE

Some ask why is it great, rich Sangamon
Tenaciously its outworn courthouse keeps?
By modern structures loftily frowned on,
Around the busy square that never sleeps.
Through prideful sentiment alone it stays,
Its outlines staring drab and unadorned,
The Capitol of Lincoln's struggling days,
Where of a "house divided" he forewarned,
Beneath its roof the harassed chief-to-be
His solemn first Inaugural pondered o'er;
Here doomed Douglas urged Northern unity;
And Grant in gloomy patience trod the floor.
And here at last under the crepe-swathed dome,
The Martyr lay in state when he came home.

STATUE ON CAPITOL GROUNDS

This bronze figure, so lifelike--it is he!
Springfield's own Lincoln we can recognize;
The man his neighbors often used to see--
Going about amongst them, kindly, wise;
Attired in somber garb, for courtroom bound;
With children on the corner stop to talk;
Or striding off uptown to handball ground;
Or towards his dwelling hasten at brisk walk.
His head is bent in sad and sober mien,
So he looked on the morn he went away,
Leaving home, friends, and each familiar scene,
Trusting in Him who could both go and stay;
When in a voice that with emotion broke,
Propnetic farewell words to them he spoke.

TOMB IN OAK RIDGE

In constant and unending stream they come,
From foreign climes afar and every state;
'Tis fulfillment of long felt wish for some,
Reverently passing through a wide arched gate;
And high above Oak Ridge's treetops green,
A white shaft towering upward they see,
Guarding the crypt set in such lovely scene,
Where Lincoln sleeps to wait eternity.
In marble corridors of softened light,
His sculptured figure is a friendly guide;
From walls his deathless words a spouse invite,
Then the sarcophagus they stand beside;
Solemn silence 'mid slanting beams of gold,
As furled standards a ceaseless sentry hold.

The President to Lincoln's Picture

BY ALICE HARTICH

*The deep-set eyes of Lincoln
Are watching me to-day;
"I, too, have wondered," they confess,
"Have wrenched my mind from 'no' to 'yes'
And grappled with uncertainty.
How can a president foresee
The dangers that the years may hide
When time demands that he decide
About to-day? . . . I, also, knew
This burden that is borne by you."
The heavy eyes of Lincoln
Seem to try to say:
"I was so weary of dissent,
Of bitter words and argument;
So grieved to know that men must give
Their lives to let the nation live;
Weary of bigotry and greed,
Of selfish, mercenary deed
That warps the soul of any land . . .*



*I suffered. I can understand."
The steady eyes of Lincoln
Point out the only way.
"I took the challenge," they
declare;
"Chartered the course through
black despair
Nor yielded once the helm, nor
let
My conscience bow to fear nor
threat!
Be brave, that others need not
cringe;
Strike off the chain, the rusted
hinge.
Loose Mammon's grip from every
soul,
And mark again the ancient
goal!"*

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Class 2 - 35

LINCOLN.

Again today we pause to honor him
Who met the human need of slavery days;
Who broke the seal of bondage through those dim,
Long years, that Freedom's voice might sing
new praise.

Be glad his love of liberty and right
Still lives. That in the earnest eyes of youth,
Deep courage shines because of him. In spite
Of blaring hate, his faith grew wings of Truth.

He lives today! I see his spirit's flame
In men who war on evil's scheming greed;
Who fight to death, to keep the holy name
Of Christ untouched; who plead anew, Love's
creed.

He lives today! In marching men I see
Fulfilled, his dream of world democracy!
Indianapolis.

VIOLET HARTMANN.

Indianapolis Star
2/6/44

Haskins, H. S.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"A hundred years and six
beside, today"

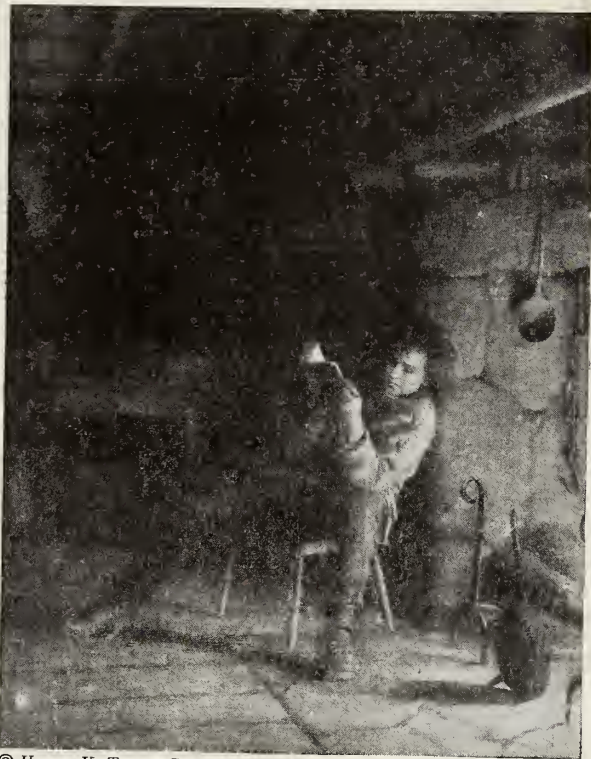
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A hundred years and six beside, today
Are swung across the widening gulf of
time,
Yet bind us closer to that hour sublime
When first your footsteps started on
their way.
How sweet the flowers to your doorstep
led!
How straight the trees above your baby
head!
How bright the star set in the hopeful
night!
How clear the golden sun before your
sight!
Did not some fragrant blossom presage
deeds
That here were launched to succor
human needs?
Did not the radiant sun enwrap the
earth
With destiny as garment, at your birth?
Did not some tree, more gaunt and
straighter far
Than all its fellows, point your soaring
star?
Or throw a clean-limbed shadow on the
wall
Of noble mien, with mighty thews and
tall?
The world, war-wounded, writhes in
sore travail,
Enduring endless pain to no avail.
While brother's hand meets brother's
hand in hate,
And rape and carnage stalk insatiate;
But we, your people, scatheless in the
fray,
Reach hands across the widening gulf
of time,
To render homage to that hour sublime
When first your footsteps started on
their way.

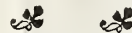
H. S. HASKINS.

W. H. HASKINS 2-12-15

The Classmate, February 5, 1927.



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Favorite

BY CRISTEL HASTINGS

An incident in Lincoln's life?

I liked the one of steps he took—

Weary, patient, plodding steps,

For the sake of one lone book.

Lincoln knew that books could be

Ships to take him where he willed—

A fount of knowledge in his thirst

To read and learn. His young mind
filled

With ambition's eagerness,

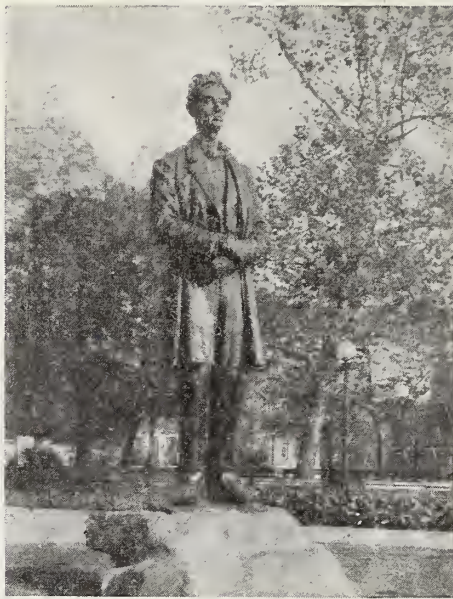
Long he read into the night,

Slowly and laboriously,

By a fitful firelight.



The Classmate, February 5, 1927.



Lincoln

BY CRISTEL HASTINGS

*As well recount stars on a still
summer night—*

*Or the leaves on the poplars, or
birds in their flight—*

*As well count the raindrops, or
measure the sands*

*On every white beach of far, for-
eign lands—*

*As well name the waves of the
world's seven seas,*

*For each act Lincoln was woven
like these*

*Into one golden fabric of durable
strength—*

*Each act was a poem, and life-
long in length.*

THANKSGIVING SONG.

BY C. C. HAVEN.

Air—Old Hundred.

Ruler of Nations! Sovereign Lord!
Once more to Thee our songs we raise.
With reverence be Thy name adored,
Whilst we, Thy children, sound Thy praise.

Sole Source of Universal Power!
Eternal and all glorious!
Vouchsafe, this consecrated hour,
To let Thy blessing rest on us.

But what thank-offerings can we bring
Worthy the favors we've received?
Th' oppress'd go free! the ransom'd sing,
And gloomy fears are now relieved.

Triumphant conquests crown our arms:

Though traitors drench our fields in blood;
Thy shield will guard from future harms;
God! still preserve our brotherhood!

Aid us to bear Thy discipline,
Not to be recreant to our trust,
Never to any peace incline
That would be treacherous or unjust.

Should mad men urge in any State
Disunion based on slavery!
Destruction swift their plots o'ertake,
And brand their schemes with infamy.

Though grief and love, with tearful eyes,
Bid our sad hearts look up to Thee,
Still let our glad hosannas rise!
God cheers the land where shout the free!

And whilst our anthem's fond refrain
Bids us recall our noble sires,
Heroes who live and loved ones slain—
Let grateful chants inspire our choirs.

Bravely ring out our heartfelt songs,
Our Union's triumph shout with joy;
May Heaven-born Peace soon right all wrongs,
And feuds no more our land annoy.

Trenton, N. J., November 24, 1864.

Only Hampshire Gazette
2-2-31 DAILY

LINCOLN'S LAST PLEASURE TRIP

Clarence Hawkes of
Hadley Tells of
Dramatic Visit
to Richmond
After War

BASED ON ACTUAL FACT

Clarence Hawkes, Hadley author and poet, has written an interesting article in connection with his poem, "How Massa Linkum Came," which was broadcast over stations WBZ and WTIC this afternoon. The poem is based on actual fact, as is shown in the following word by the author:

Abraham Lincoln's Last Pleasure Trip

Abraham Lincoln's last pleasure trip was so unusual, so dramatic, and so inspiring that I feel every American citizen should know of the occasion, although it is not widely known. The incident came to me while I was a student in Boston in 1887. I was attending a lecture by Charles Carleton Coffin, the celebrated war correspondent for the Boston Journal during the Civil War, who had also been a warm friend and ardent admirer of President Lincoln. In the course of this lecture Mr. Coffin gave us a rare bit of little-known American history. Although at the time I was still in my teens, yet I vowed then and there if I ever had the literary skill I would tell the story in ballad form for other young Americans to read. I did not get to it, however, until 1894 when I wrote the poem, How Massa Linkum Came. It was published in 1895 in a well-known city daily and was at once copied throughout the country and soon became very popular as an oration for high school students. But that was thirty-five years ago and I feel that the incident should again be brought before the American people. Very briefly this pleasure trip of President Lincoln's was as follows:

On the Sunday following the fall of Richmond and about ten days before his assassination, President Lincoln, in company with his private secretary, with one United States marshal who served as a bodyguard, and Charles Carleton Coffin representing the press, took a tug boat at Washington and went to Richmond. The President was rather sharply criticised at the time by the press for, as several papers pointed out, he was exposing himself unnecessarily and the sinister event which came to pass ten days later rather justified their criticism.

But no untoward event occurred and the Presidential party landed at Richmond after a pleasant sail. In some mysterious way the Negroes had divined that Massa Linkum was coming and they gave him a rousing welcome. My poem deals largely with a very dramatic incident which occurred while the Presidential party was walking up Capitol Hill towards the executive buildings.

Immediately upon publication I sent a copy of the poem to the President's son, Honorable Robert T. Lincoln, who had been minister to England under President Harrison, and who was practicing law in Chicago at the time. I received the following kindly acknowledgment:

June 28, 1895,

The Temple, Chicago,

Dear Mr. Hawkes: On my return from a short absence I found your note of the 16th with its enclosure which I have read with great interest.

I could not but be pleased with any sincere effort in honor of my father's memory, but I assure you that I am especially delighted with your poem and I thank you very sincerely for your kindness in sending it to me.

Permit me also to congratulate you at the bravery and cheerfulness with which you bear your heavy misfortunes. Believe me very sincerely yours,

Robert T. Lincoln.

I also sent a copy to Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin, who had inadvertently given me this remarkable piece of American history, and he replied as follows:

Charles St.,

Brooklin, Mass.,

May 31, 1895.

My dear Friend: Yours of the 22nd with enclosures came to hand by the following mail, but I have had no time to reply till now. Please accept my thanks for your very felicitous rendering of the entrance of Lincoln into Richmond, so faithfully done and in accordance with the historical fact. It was a remarkable event and I am thankful that it was my privilege to see it and record it for the benefit of men through all time. No other correspondent was there. Indeed at the beginning there was only myself and the dozen or more Negroes at work under a lieutenant getting timbers in place for a bridge across the canal, but before we reached Capitol Hill there were thousands in the highest possible ecstasy at beholding the man who had given them their freedom.

Your rendering of the story of Lincoln has my unqualified approval for its general historic fidelity and for the spirit that pervades it. If my pen can be of any benefit to you I shall be only too happy to use it in your behalf. Yours truly,

Charles Carleton Coffin.

It seems to me that this incident of the President of the United States standing bareheaded and with tears streaming down his cheeks while an old colored preacher prayed for the North and the South and the

whole blessed country is the most perfect exemplification of an absolute democracy that we have anywhere in American history and it certainly shows the human side of Abraham Lincoln at his very best.

"HOW MASSA LINKUM CAME"

You chillun ebber hear me tell
About ole Richmond town;
How 'fore de closenment ob de war
De Linkum troops came down?

I tell you, chilluns, dem was days
Ole Moses don't forget,
Though thirty years hab trabbled by-
I feel dat 'specience yet.

Dat time de Linkum sojers come

A marchin' up the street,
Wid all dar regermentums on
An' music mighty sweet.

Den how de darkies shouted loud
"De Jubilee hab come!"
An' how de chilluns peel dar eyes
To see de big base drum.

Den how the sojers marched along,
Dar muskets gleamin' bright,
An' how de music made us feel
Right powful for de fight.

But what I gwine to tell dis crowd's
How Massa Linkum came,
De man dat made your mammies free
By signin' ob his name.

How 'fore he brought de army down
He dun come down to see
How Richmond looked and try to find
What come ob Massa Lee.

One day we heard it whispered round
Mars Linkum's comin' here;
An' Massa Davis heard it too,
An' dat's what make him clear.

De news had come mysterious—
We didn't think 'twas true,
But I was jes a watchin' out
With nothin' much to do.

It was de blessed Sabbath morn,
De ribber sparklin' bright,
An' all de country fresh an' green
An' smilin' in de light.

An' I was sittin' on de warves
Jes where de sun came down,
A gazin' at the distant hills
Beyond the sleepy town.

When down de ribber far away
I see a little smoke,
An' on de air so strangely still
A tug boat screechin' broke.

Dat didn't 'sturb me,—not at all
Dat squeelin' ribber brat;
Dat not de way Mars Linkum come,
He make more noise den dat.

But bye and bye dat tug boat came
An' bunted at the wharf
An' den I saw fo' genelums
Make ready to get off.

Dey came a walkin' up de plank
A kinder lookin' roun'
Like dey was strangers in de place
An' didn't know de town.

Dey was a right smart lookin' crowd,
I didn't mind 'em all,
But one had gold upon his coat,
An' one was mighty tall.

But pretty soon dey comes along
Right near to where I sat,
An' one ob dem steps up to me
A liftin' ob his hat;

"Hollo, Uncle Tom," the gemmun said,
"How would you like to see
The President ob dis great land
The Man who made you free?"

"See Massa Linkum! sah," I said,
"My eyes a growin' dim,
Ob all de men de Lord has made
I'd rudder look at him."

"Well,—dar he is,"—de gemmun said,
I saw de man he meant—
De tallest one upon de right;
He was de President.

I 'low dat statement took me back,
A moment I was dumb,
An' then I shouted, "Hallelujah!
Massa Linkum's come!"

You better bet dey heard dat yell—
I fotched it long and loud,
An' in a moment more de street
Was swarmin' wid de crowd;

An' ebery chile took up de cry
An' shouted—"Kingdom come!
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Massa Linkum's come!"

An' ebery moment dat went by
De shoutin' grew more loud,
An' roun' dem four de darkies
swarmed
As thick as dey could crowd.

An' in de midst ob all dat throng,
A smilin' his consent,
A lookin' mighty grand and tall,
Still stood de President.

'Twas just about dat time, I guess,
'Long come old Parson Jake;
He made his way right through the
crowd
A swingin' ob a rake.

Right up to Massa Linkum's side
Dat no-count Parson came,
A bowin' like a turkey-cock
An' callin' him by name.

He shook de President by de hand,
An' den I heard him say:
"We're mighty glad dat you hab come.
Mars Linkum,—let us pray."

I tell you, chillun, I was scared

For our ole Parson den,
To hear him talkin' dat a way
To such official men.

I spec' Mars Linkum dun get mad
An' knock dat nigger flat,
Or mebbe kick him in de shins,
Or smash his Sunday hat.

But Massa Linkum only smiled
At what dat Parson said,

An' took his big tall beaver off
An' den bowed down his head.

Den Parson Jake, he knelt ight down
Upon dat dirty street,
An' prayed a pra'r dat fairly took
Dis nigger off his feet.

He t'anked de Lord dat he had seen
Our sorrow and distress,
An' brought us up, all safe an'sound,
Out ob de Wilderness.

Dat he had sent Mars Linkum round
To lead us in de dark,
To part de Jordan's rushing wave
An' smite de solid rock.

He prayed de Lord to bless dis land,
De white folks an' de olack,
An' send de dove of peace around
An' bring ole Massa back.

He axed de Lord to bless de men
Who fought to free de slaves,
He prayed de Lord to comfort dem
Down where de cotton waves.

I b'lieve he prayed for eberyting
In dis here blessed land,
Wid Massa Linkum standin' by,
A bowin' thar so grand.

De pickaninnies stood so still
You t'ink dey made o' stone,
Dey didn't speak, nor move, nor breeve
Until dat pra'r was done;

An' den dey broke into a shout
Dat mought hab woke John Brown,
An' cheered until I tink de noise
Would bring de heabens down.

An' Massa Linkum waved his hand
In answer to dem cheers:

His countenance was shinin' bright
His cheeks were wet wid tears.

"De Lord forgive an' bless us all,—
De libin' an' de dead,
An' bring sweet peace unto de land—"
Mars Linkum husky said:

"An' make de Norf an' Souf as one
An' wipe away dar tears
An' fill de nation wid his love
Thro' all de comin' years."

An' while he spoke he stretched his
han's
Above dat 'cited crowd;
I knowed de Lord would hear dat
pra'r—
I tell you we was proud.

An' den de fo' went up de street
To music ob de band,
An' all de darkies marchin' wid
De President ob de land.

An' dat's de story ob de way
Dat Massa Linkum come,
Widout de marchin' ob de troops,
Or beatin' ob de drum.

An' tho' black Mose is growin' ole,
An' foolish some folks say;
He don't forget de t'ings he saw
Dat wondrous Sabbath day.

LINCOLN -- THE SECOND SAVIOR

Unheralded by the angels, not guided to by star,
Not visited by wisemen traveled from afar;
Without the guard of shepherds or a multitude's acclaim,
To a backwood's hillside cabin a second Savior came.

Came to a nation young but with troubles multiplied,
And the angels as they bore him looked down on earth and sighed;
For they saw a conflict coming that would shake from stern to stem
The world where he was going, and the destinies of men.

Men unknown and men renowned; men with black skin, men with white
All were to feel the beat of storm and in the darkest of the fight
Feel the power and the courage that was put into the frame
Of the baby, Abraham Lincoln, in Heaven before he came.

For the God of Hosts Who sent him took the greatest mind of all
From the storehouse of His talents to satisfy the call
Which He knew the states would issue at the darkening of the sky,
When two units of a country met on battlefield to die.

So the Lincoln born in mountains, and the Lincoln reared on plains
Was the Savior of a people who had felt the weight of chains;
Was the Savior of a Nation, was the Savior of our shield,
And the welder of two sections when neither side would yield.

And when his work was over, but the ground still moist with life,
The Lord through an actor's bullet withdrew him from the strife;
For his mission to the earth had been to free a trampled race,
And the glory of a duty done was written on his face.

--Franklyn R. Hawkins

1750
IN MEMORY OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Sixteenth President of the United States.

A NATION MOURNS HER MARTYR'D SON.

("An Honest Man's the Noblest Work of God.")

Words by Alice Hawthorne.

Music by Sep. Winner.

Entered according to Act of Congress A. D. 1865, by Sep. Winner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pa.

A Nation mourns her martyr'd Son,
From many hearts there comes a sigh;
For him whose days on earth are done,
Whose name and deeds can never die.
Oh weep for him whose patient heart
Gave pardon to a fallen foe;
Who acted well a manly part,
Tow'rds those who planned the fatal blow.

Oh weep for him, weep for the loss,
A people now must all abide,
And let the shrouded banner toss,
For him who was a nation's pride.

His weary work on earth is done,
His toil and trials now are o'er,
Yet in the hearts of many a one
His deeds shall live for ever more!
Toll on ye melancholy bells,
Tho' sad your mournful tones may be;
The heart with sorrow sadly swells,
To hear thy mournful melody.

Oh, weep for him, &c.

Oh why, my Country, must thou bleed,
For deeds that rebels madly plan?
The time shall come when they may need
Just such a heart, just such a man!
Roll on, ye muffled drums, roll on,
While hearts still mourn this sad event
Our land shall never own a son
As better man—or President.

Oh, weep for him, &c.

SEP. WINNER'S MUSIC STORE,
No. 933 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hayn, Marion Everett

Abraham Lincoln at Prayer

"Lord, take my life and
lead me on"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT PRAYER

"Lord, take my life and lead me on,
The sun by day, a star by night.
Though war obtrudes and greed is rife,
Unite Thy people by Thy might."
Was that the prayer that great man
made,

A suppliant, pierced, before the throne
Of Him who, though His children err,
Still guards and holds them as His
own?

MARION EVERETT HAYN.

M. E. Hayn

2/12/43

Abe

Did Abraham Lincoln's mother try,
When Abe was young like tiny guy,
To clothe him with the greatest care
In pretty skins that ermine wear?
I don't see how Abe grew so tall?

He was so strong when he was small,
I think the great bear gave the dress
To little Abe of the wilderness.

Did Abraham Lincoln's mother run
To meet her pet when school was done,
To tell him of the sugared joy
She'd made to please her darling boy?
I don't see how he grew so bold?

He fought the Dark and bitter Cold;
He conquered foes in the forest glade,
Glad steps gave strength to little Abe.

Did Abraham Lincoln's father plan
To have his son a college man?
How did he learn of This and That?
Did he find entrance to a "Frat"?
I don't see how his knowledge grew?

The Stars and the Giant Planets knew.
They saw Abe work by the log-wood fire,
They knew the sphere of his desire!

MINNIE E. HAYS,
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Education (130-100) Jan 1924

LINCOLN.

A man of simple, childlike mold,
And yet a peerless King of Men!
Where shall we find a heart of gold
Like his on earth again?

He was, indeed, American,
If that mean fearless, brave, and good;
But more than all, he was a man
Who felt man's brotherhood.

He never shrank from lowliest toll,
Yet he could guide the Ship of State;
Inured to till his native soil,
He could be truly great.

He taught that in a free man's land
No son of man should be a slave;
An epitaph so true, so grand,
Might well adorn his grave!

And though a base hand struck him
down,
By death he earned a nation's tears
And won unquenchable renown
Through all the coming years.

-D. F. H.

Rochester, February 12th. 8909

LINCOLN

Born February 12, 1809

BY J. L. H.

Fate struck the hour!

A crisis hour of Time.

The tocsin of a people clanging forth
Thro' the wild South and thro' the startled North
Called for a leader, master of his kind,
Fearless and firm, with clear foreseeing mind;
Who should not flinch from calumny or scorn,
Who in the depth of night could ken the morn;

Wielding a giant power

Humbly, with faith sublime.

God knew the man His sovereign grace had sealed;
God touched the man, and Lincoln stood revealed!

LINES TO LINCOLN.

You stood apart, nor asked to see
within
The Book of Mysery. The daily din
Of seeking after power and a place
That put men in the limelight of
the race
Held out no tempting hand before
your face.
Enough to pray in your sane,
speechless way;
To slay the enemies of freedom with
firm hand,
The while still listening to your
God's Command.

You mused there in your human,
homely way
Of that blest day when love might
upright stand
Across the land! Alone—serene—
apart.
You balanced all your gain against
the Art
Of Kindliness! Gave God the praise
Of all your happiest, all your sad-
dest days! R. C. H.

Los Angeles Daily Times
February 12, 1921

2/11/37
THE DE RUYTER GLEANER

A STORY OF LINCOLN

(By R. E. H.)

They say I must die at sunrise—that nothing my life can stay,
 They will take me out and shoot me, just at the break of day.
 And it's not that I'm 'fraid of dying, for death I must some time meet,
 But 'tis grief for my poor old mother when the awful deed's complete.
 When I mustered into the service it's dangers full well I knew,
 'Twas certain that death I oft' must face if I to the flag were true.
 But little I thought or fancied or into my mind there crept,
 The possible chance that I might die because I on duty slept.
 Yet, they'll take me out in the morning just with the rising sun,
 They will seat me beside a new made grave in range of a dozen gun.
 And then, when it all is over, they will find these lines I pen,
 You see 'twas like this: One evening a comrade I loved so well,
 And mayhap their hearts will soften and they'll wish I was back again.
 Was ordered on picket duty near the home where his wife did dwell.
 He had married a Southern lassie who came when the war begun,
 Back to the home of childhood to remain 'till the strife was done.
 He had heard that her health was failing, that brief was her earthly
 stay,
 And had begged for a few hours furlough to be there e're she passed
 away.
 But no, they would not release him, so when by fate's decree,
 We were encamped near his loved one pleading, he came to me.
 Begged me to take his "picket" just one brief hour that night,
 While he stole home to see her, e're she to Heaven took flight.
 Could I refuse my comrade? Picture it as you will.
 E'en though the self same tiresome task I'd been assigned to fill
 Only the night before you see, and through the long hot day,
 We had been on the firing line right in the hottest fray.
 So in the coolness of the night, somehow did o'er me creep,
 Weariness so great it overpowered, and—well, I fell asleep.
 No! and I don't blame Jimmy—God knows his heart will break,
 Better that it be over me than for his poor wife's sake.
 For I've been told he clasped her close to his manly breast,
 And with his lips upon her brow she "entered into rest." . . .
 Hark! I can hear them coming! God—but it's hard to go!
 But I will face death calmly—fear I will never show.
 But hark! Hear the boys all cheering! Their caps they are waving
 high!
 See! A foam covered horse is nearing! "Stop! Wait!" is the rider's
 cry.
 And on him all eyes are fastened as breathlessly all await,
 The coming of the horseman who bears in his hand my fate.
 He is here—he dismounts—'tis Jimmy—a paper he waves on high!
 "Here's a pardon from good Abe Lincoln! My comrade is not to die!"
 He had ridden all night—three horses had fallen his lash before,
 But thanks be to God was in season my liberty to restore. . . .
 When he told his story to Lincoln, tears coursed down his rugged
 cheek,
 And his tall, awkward form shook with sadness so great he could
 hardly speak.
 Then he turned to his desk abruptly and quickly the pardon penned,
 Which he placed in the hands of Jimmy, my true and loyal friend.
 "Spare not your mount" said Lincoln "Never a moment wait."
 "Lives like your friends are priceless—you must not be too late.
 There is never a loyal soldier with heart that is beating true,
 Who shall die like a rank deserter. The story I've heard from you.
 Show how men may bear the burden and suffer for a friend,
 So gladly to your comrade this full pardon I extend."

